daughter, I would speake with her, go you call hither my foole; O you sir, you sir, come you hither, who am I sir?

Stew. My Ladies Father.

Lear. My Ladies father, my Lords knaue, you whoreson dog, you slaue, you curre.

Stew. I am none of this my Lord, I beseech you pardon me.

Lear. Do you bandy lookes with me you rascall?

Stew. Ile not be strucke my Lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither, you base football plaier.

Lear. I thanke thee fellow, thou seru'st me, and ile loue thee.

Kent. Come sir, ile teach you differences, away, away, if you will measure your lubbers length againe, tarry, but away, you haue wisedome.

Lear. Now friendly knaue I thanke thee, there's earnest of thy seruice.

Enter Foole.

Foole. Let me hire him too, here's my coxcombe.

Lear. How now my pretty knaue, how dost thou?

Foole. Sirra, you were best take my coxcombe.

Kent. Why Foole?

Foole. Why for taking ones part that's out of fauour, nay and thou canst not smile as the winde sits, thou't catch colde shortly, there take my coxcombe; why this fellow hath banisht two of his daughters, and done the third a blessing against his will, if thou follow him, thou must needs weare my coxcombe, how now nunckle, would I had two coxcombes, and two daughters.

Lear. Why my boy?

Foole. If I gaue them any liuing, ide keepe my coxcombe my selfe, theres mine, beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed sirra, the whip.

Foole. Truth is, a dog that must to kennell, he must bee whipt out, when Lady oth'e brach may stand by the fire and stinke.

Lear. A pestilent gull to me.

Foole. Sirra, ile teach thee a speech. *Lear.* Do.

Foole. Marke it Vnckle; haue more then thou shewest, speake lesse then thou knowest, lend lesse then thou owest, ride more then

thou goest, learne more th
throwest, leaue thy drinke
and thou shalt haue more, t

Lear. This is nothing fo

Foole. Then like the bre
nothing for it; can you ma

Lear. Why no boy, noth

Foole. Prethee tell him, s
he will not beleeue a foole.

Lear. A bitter foole.

Foole. Dost thou know t
ter foole, and a sweete fool

Lear. No lad, teach me.

Foole. That Lord that co
Come place him heere by m
The sweete and bitter fool
The one in motley here, th

Lear. Dost thou call me f

Foole. All thy other Titles
borne with.

Kent. This is not altoge

Foole. No faith, Lords an
a monopolie out, they wou
wilt not let me haue all fool
me an egge Nunckle, and il

Lear. What two crown

Foole. Why after I haue c
the meate, the two crownes
crowne in the middle, and
thy asse on thy back ore the
crowne, when thou gauest
my selfe in this, let him be
Fooles had nere lesse wit in
For wise men are growne fo
They know not how their
Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you w

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *King Lear* (STC 22293) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOT